



SO THIS THEN IS YE

of ye
ANCIENT MARINER

WHEREIN

Is told Whilom on a Day an Ancient Sea-Faring Man Detaineth a Wedding-Guest & Telleth him a Grewsome Tale.

Written by *SAMUEL TAYLOR COLE - RIDGE*

For ye better Understanding of ye Gentle Reader, Various Pictures are here Inserted by one *William W. Denlow*

Ye First Edition Corrected and Improved

Done into a Booke by ye merrie ROYCROFTERS at ye *ROY CROFT SHOP*, at ye Sign of ye *Hippocampus*, adjacent to ye Deestrick Academy for ye Younge, which is in *East Aurora*, New York, United States of America. 1899

PR 4479

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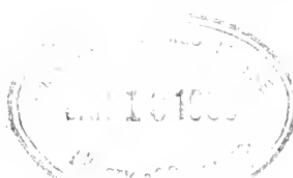
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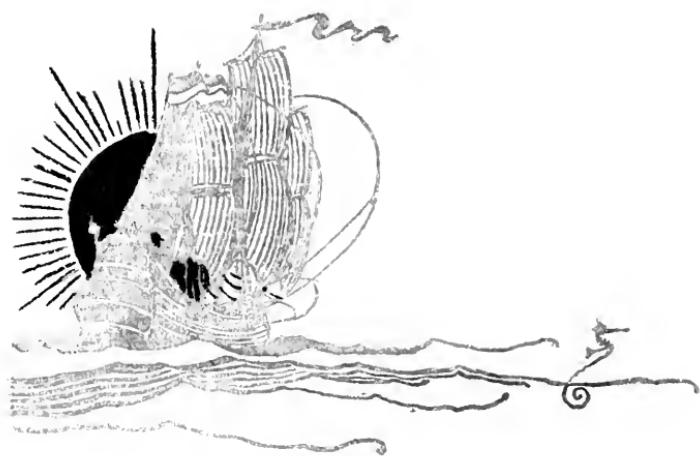
June 29, 1909.

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Elbert Hubbard



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did by hande by ye *First*
Ladies of East Aurora at
a Bee : where ye Ladies
were kindly supervised by
ye DEACON DENSLOW.



Y E R I M E

‡ of ye ‡

*ANCIENT
MARINER*—
PART I.

T is an ancient Mar-
iner,
And he stoppeth
one of three.

“By thy long gray beard and
glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp’st thou
me?

An ancient
Mariner
meeteth
three gal-
lants bidden
to a wedding
feast, and
detaineth
one.

“The Bridegroom’s doors are
opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is
set ;
May’st hear the merry din.”

He holds him with his skinny
hand ;
“There was a ship,” quoth he.
“Hold off! unhand me, gray-
beard loon ! ”
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering
eye ;

The Wed-
ding-Guest
is spell-
bound by

The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years'
child;

The Mariner hath his will.

the eye of
the old sea-
faring man,
and con-
strained to
hear his
tale.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a
stone:

He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that an-
cient man,

The bright-eyed Mariner :

“The ship was cheered, the
harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mari-
ner telleth
how the
ship sailed
southward
with a good
wind and
fair weath-
er, till it
reached the
Line.

“ The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he ;
And he shone bright, and on
the right
Went down into the sea.

“ Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—”
The Wedding-Guest here beat
his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wed-
ding-Guest
heareth the
bridal

The bride hath paced into the
hall,
Red as a rose is she ;

music ; but
the Mariner
continueth
his tale.

Nodding their heads before her
goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest here beat
his breast,

Yet he cannot choose but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient
man,

The bright-eyed Mariner :

“ And now the storm-blast came,
and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o’ertaking
wings,
And chased us south along.

The ship
drawn by a
storm to-
ward the
south pole.

“ With sloping masts and dipping
prow,
As who pursued with yell & blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared
the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

“ And now there came both mist
and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came float-
ing by,
As green as emerald.

“ And through the drifts the
 snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts
 we ken,—
The ice was all between.

“ The ice was here, the ice was
 there,
The ice was all around :
It cracked and growled, and
 roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

“ At length did cross an Alba-
 tross ;
Through the fog it came ;

The land of
ice, and of
fearful sound
where no
living being
was to be
seen.

Till a great
sea-bird,
called the
Albatross,
came
through the

snow-fog
and was re-
ceived with
great joy
and
hospitality.

As if it had been a Christian
soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

“ It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-
fit ;
The helmsman steered us
through !

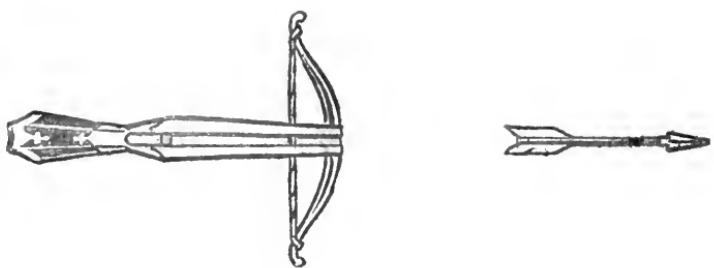
And lo !
the Alba-
tross prov-
eth a bird
of good
omen, and
followeth
the ship as
it returned
northward
through fog
and floating
ice.

“ And a good south-wind sprung
up behind ;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

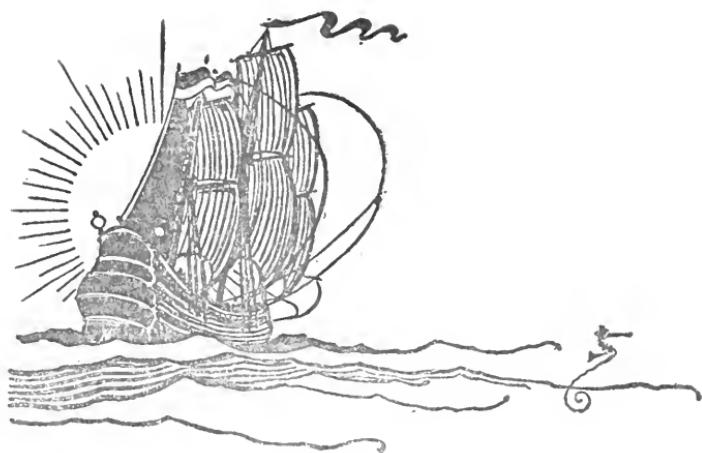
“ In mist or cloud, on mast or
shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through
fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-
shine.”

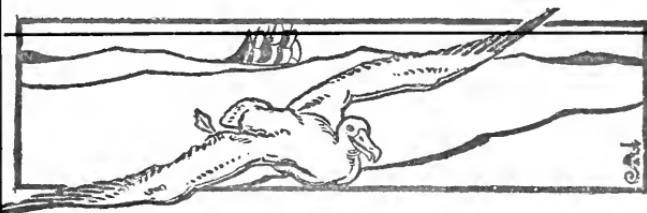
“ God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends, that plague
thee thus !—
Why look’st thou so ! ”—“ With
my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross ! ”

The ancient
Mariner in-
hospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.









PART II.

HE sun now rose
upon the right:
Out of the sea
came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south-wind still
blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo !

His ship-mates cry out against the ancient Mariner, for killing the bird of good luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the
bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird
to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.

'T was right, said they, such
birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white
foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

The fair
breeze con-
tinues ; the
ship enters
the Pacific
Ocean, and
sails north-
ward, even
till it reach-
ed the Line.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails
dropt down.

The ship
hath been
suddenly
becalmed.

'T was sad as sad could be :
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea !

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did
 stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor mo-
 tion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And the
Albatross
begins to be
avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with
legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and
white.

And some in dreams assured
were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;

A Spirit had followed them ; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels ; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus,

and the
Platonic
Constanti-
nopolitan,
Michael
Psellus,
may be con-
sulted.

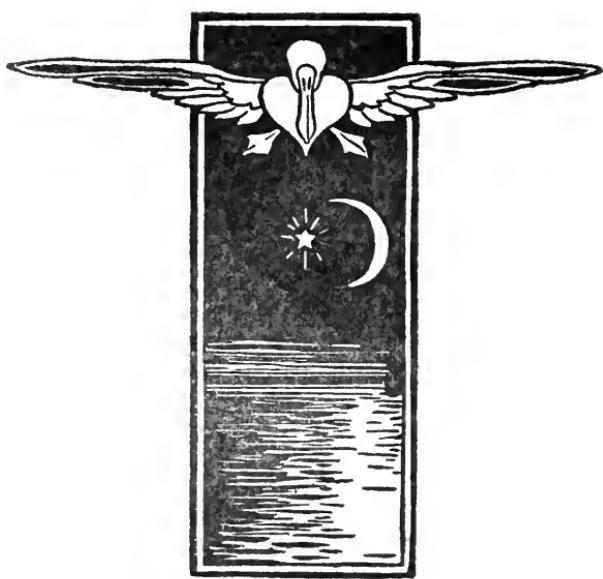
They are
very numer-
ous, and
there is no
climate or
element
without one
or more.

The ship-
mates, in
their sore
distress,
would fain
throw the
whole guilt
on the an-
cient Mari-
ner : in sign
whereof
they hang
the dead
sea-bird
round his
neck.

Nine fathoms deep he had fol-
lowed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter
drought,
Was withered at the root ;
We could not speak, no more
than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah ! well-a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Alba-
tross
About my neck was hung.







PART III.

passed a
weary time.

Each throat
Was parched, and
glazed each eye.

When looking westward, I
beheld

A something in the sky.

The ancient
Mariner
beholdeth a
sign in the
element
afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;

It moved and moved, and took
at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist !
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and
veered.

At its nearer approach,
it seemeth
him to be a
ship ; and
at a dear
ransom he
freeth his
speech from
the bonds of
thirst.

With throats unslaked, with
black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all
dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail, A sail !

With throats unslaked, with
black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Grammercy ! they for joy did
grin,
And all at once their breath
drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of
joy ;

See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks
no more !
Hither to work us weal,—
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel !

And horror
follows.
For can it
be a ship
that comes
onward
without
wind or
tide ?

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was wellnigh done !

Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun ;
When that strange shape drove
 suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of
a ship.

And straight the sun was fleck-
 ed with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us
 grace !)
As if through a dungeon-grate
 he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas ! (thought I, and my heart
 beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !

Are those her sails that glance
in the sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which
the sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there
two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

And its ribs
are seen as
bars on the
face of the
setting sun.
The Spec-
tre Woman
and her
Death-
mate, and
no other on
board the
skeleton-
ship.

Her lips were red, her looks
were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,

Like vessel,
like crew!



The Nightmare Life-in-Death
was she,
Who thickens man's blood with
cold.

Death and
Life-in-
Death have
diced for
the ship's
crew, and
she (the
latter) win-
neth the
ancient
Mariner.

No twilight
within the
courts of
the sun.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice?
“The game is done! I've won!
I've won!”
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips; the stars
rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the
sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked side-
ways up !

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick
the night,

The steersman's face by his lamp
gleamed white ;

From the sails the dew did
drip,—

Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one
bright star

Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-
dogged moon,

At the ris-
ing of the
moon.

One after
another,

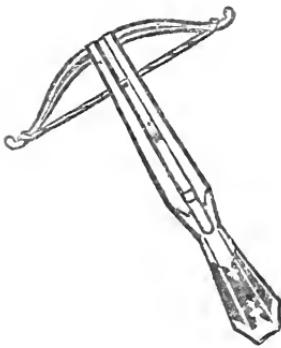
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a
ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

His ship-
mates drop
down dead.

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor
groan !)
With heavy thump, a lifeless
lump,
They dropped down one by one.

But Life-
in-Death
begins her
work on the
ancient
Mariner.

The souls did from their bodies
fly,—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!









PART IV.

FEAR thee, ancient
Mariner !

I fear thy skinny
hand !

And thou art long, and lank,
and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee & thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so
brown.”—

The Wed-
ding-Guest
feareth that
a Spirit is
talking to
him.

But the an-
cient Mari-
ner assureth
him of his
bodily life,
and pro-
ceedeth to
relate his
horrible
penance.

“ Fear not, fear not, thou Wed-
ding-Guest !

This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea !
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

He despiseth
the crea-
tures of the
calm.

The many men, so beautiful !
And they all dead did lie :
And a thousand thousand slimy
things
Lived on ; and so did I.

And envi-
eth that
they should

I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;

live, and so
many lie
dead.

I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried
 to pray;

But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and
 made

My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them
 close,

And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and
 the sea and the sky

Lay like a load on my weary
 eye,

And the dead were at my feet.

But the
curse liveth
for him in
the eye of
the dead
men.

The cold sweat melted from
their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they look-
ed on me
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag
to hell
A spirit from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye !
Seven days, seven nights, I saw
that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up
the sky,

And nowhere did abide :

Softly she was going up,

And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemocked the sul-
try main,

Like April hoar-frost spread ;

But where the ship's huge shad-
ow lay,

The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes :
They moved in tracks of shin-
ing white,

In his lone-
liness and
fixedness
he yearneth
towards the
journeying
Moon, and
the stars
that still so-
journ, yet
still move
onward ;
and every-
where the
blue sky be-
longs to
them, and
is their ap-
pointed rest,
and their
native
country and
their own
natural
homes,
which they
enter unan-
nounced, as
lords that
are certainly
expected,
and yet
there is a
silent joy at
their arrival.

By the light
of the moon
he behold-
eth God's
creatures of
the great
calm.

And when they reared, the elf-
ish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet
black,
They coiled and swam; and
every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beau-
ty and their
happiness.

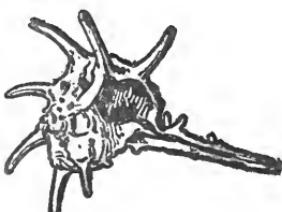
O happy living things! no ton-
gue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from
my heart,

And I blessed them unaware,—
Sure my kind saint took pity
on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

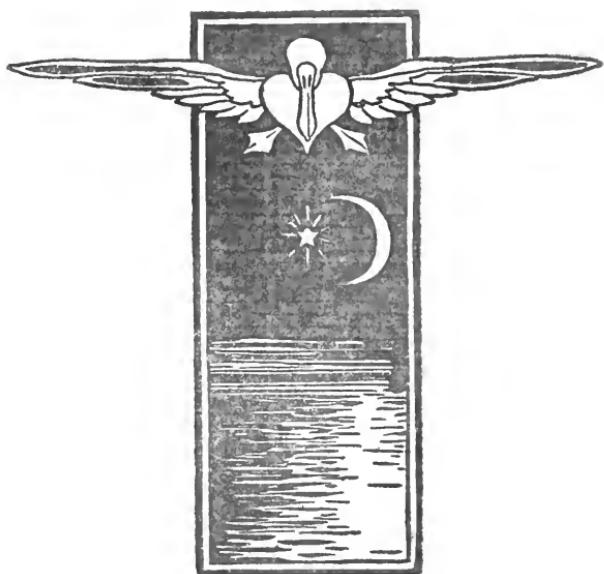
The selfsame moment I could
pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.”

He blesseth
them in his
heart.

The spell
begins to
break.









PART V.

SLEEP ! it is a
gentle thing,
Beloved from pole
to pole !

To Mary Queen the praise be
given !

She sent the gentle sleep from
Heaven,

That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,

By grace of
the holy
Mother,

the ancient
Mariner is
refreshed
with rain.

I dreamt that they were filled
with dew;

And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat
was cold,

My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my
dreams.

And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my
limbs :

I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in
sleep,

And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring
wind :

It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the
sails,

That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried
about !

And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar
more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;

He heareth
sounds and
seeth
strange
sights and
commotions
in the sky
and the ele-
ment.

And the rain poured down from
one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft,
and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high
crag,
The lightning fell with never a
jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached
the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on !

The bodies
of the ship's
crew are in-
spired, and
the ship
moves on ;

Beneath the lightning and the
moon

The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they
all uprose,

Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a
dream,

To have seen those dead men
rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship
moved on;

Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the
ropes,



Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like
lifeless tools,—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one
rope,
But he said naught to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'T was not those souls that fled
in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

But not by
the souls of
the men,
nor by de-
mons of
earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed troop
of angelic
spirits, sent
down by the

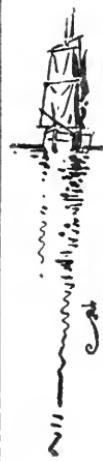
invocation
of the
guardian
saint.

For when it dawned they dropped
ped their arms,
And clustered round the mast ;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through
their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet
sound,
Then darted to the sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back
again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the
sky
I heard the skylark sing :

Sometimes all little birds that
are,
How they seemed to fill the
sea and air
With their sweet jargoning !



And now 't was like all instru-
ments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails
made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,

That to the sleeping woods all
night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the
ship,

Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom
deep,

From the land of mist and snow,
The Spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their
tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The lone-
some Spirit
from the
South Pole
carries on
the ship as
far as the
Line, in
obedience to
the angelic
troop, but
still requir-
eth ven-
geance.

The sun right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion,—
Backwards and forwards half
her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound :
It flung the blood into my head,
As I fell down in a swoon.

How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare ;
But ere my living life returned,

The Polar
Spirit's fel-
low demons,
the invisible
inhabitants

I heard, and in my soul discerned

Two voices in the air.

‘Is it he?’ quoth one, ‘Is this
the man?

By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who abideth by him-
self

In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved
the man

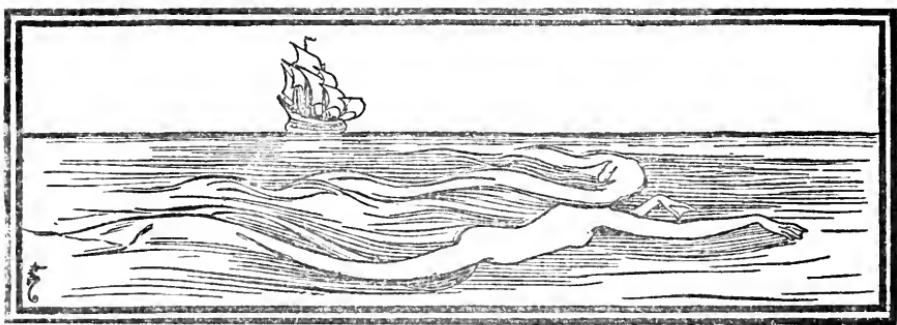
Who shot him with his bow.’

of the ele-
ment, take
part in his
wrong; and
two of them
relate, one
to the other,
that penance
long and
heavy for
the ancient
Mariner
hath been
accorded to
the Polar
Spirit, who
returneth
southward.

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath pen-
ance done,
And penance more will do.'"









PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

 tell me, tell me !
 speak again,
 Thy soft response
 renewing—

What makes that ship drive on
 so fast ?

What is the ocean doing ? '

SECOND VOICE.

‘ Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast ;

His great bright eye most silently

Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;

For she guides him smooth or grim.

See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure.

FIRST VOICE.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly ! more high,
more high !

Or we shall be belated :
For slow and slow that ship
will go,

When the Mariner's trance is
abated.'

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather :
'T was night, calm night, the
moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

The super-natural motion is retarded ; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :

All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which
they died,

Had never passed away :

I could not draw my eyes from
theirs,

Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse
is finally
expiated.

And now this spell was snapt :
once more

I viewed the ocean green,

And looked far north, yet little
saw

Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome
road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round,
walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful
fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind
on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my
cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my
fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the
breeze—
On me alone it blew.

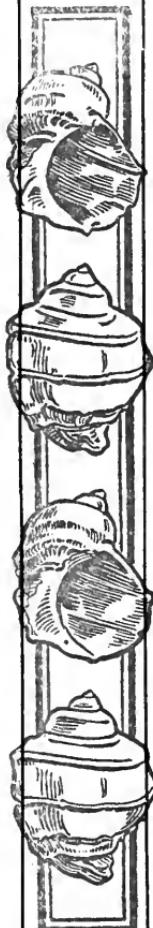
Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this my own countree ?

And the an-
cient Mar-
iner behold-
eth his
native
country.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God !
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight
 lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk
 no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in si-
 lentness
The steady weathercock.



And the bay was white with
silent light
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows
were,
In crimson colors came.

The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies.

And appear in their own forms of light.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ ! what saw I there !

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved
his hand :

It was a heavenly sight !

They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

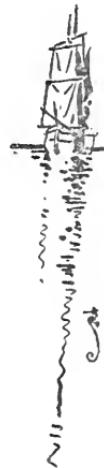
This seraph-band, each waved
his hand,

No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence
sank

Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of
oars,

I heard the Pilot's cheer;



My head was turned perforce
away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a
joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He 'll shrieve my soul, he 'll
wash away
The Albatross's blood."







PART VII.

Hermit good
lives in that
wood

Which slopes down
to the sea.

How loudly his sweet voice he
rears !

He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon,
and eve—

He hath a cushion plump :

The Hermit
of the
wood,

It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard
them talk

‘ Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many
and fair,
That signal made but now ? ’

‘ Strange, by my faith ! ’ the
Hermit said—

‘ And they answered not our
cheer !

The planks looked warped ! and
see those sails,

How thin they are and sere !

Approach-
eth the ship
with won-
der.

I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that
lag

My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with
snow,

And the owlet whoops to the
wolf below,

That eats the she-wolf's young.'

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish
look—

(The Pilot made reply)

I am a-feared'—‘Push on,
push on!’

Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the
ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath
the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship
suddenly
sinketh.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread :
It reached the ship, it split the
bay ;
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient
Mariner is
saved in the
Pilot's boat.

Stunned by the loud and dread-
ful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,

Like one that hath been seven
days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I
found
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the
ship,
The boat spun round & round ;
And all was still, save that the
hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips— the Pilot
shrieked
And fell down in a fit ;



The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and
all the while

His eyes went to and fro.

' Ha ! ha ! ' quoth he, ' full plain
I see,

The Devil knows how to row.'

And now, all in my own
countree,

I stood on the firm land !

The Hermit stepped forth from
the boat,

And scarcely he could stand.

‘O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy
man !’

The Hermit crossed his brow.

‘Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘I bid
thee say—

What manner of man art thou?’

Forthwith this frame of mine
was wrenched

With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my
tale;

And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns :
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

The ancient
Mariner
earnestly
entreateth
the Hermit
to shrieve
him ; and
the penance
of life falls
on him.

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future
life an ago-
ny con-
straineth

him to trav-
el from land
to land.

I pass, like night, from land to
land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear
me :
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from
that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the
bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul
hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 't was, that God him-
self
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-
feast,
'T is sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !—

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father
blends,

Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

And to teach by own example love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

Farewell ! farewell ! but this I tell

To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,

Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest

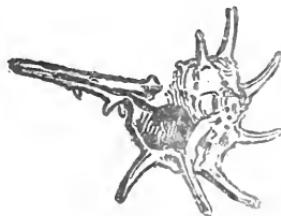
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

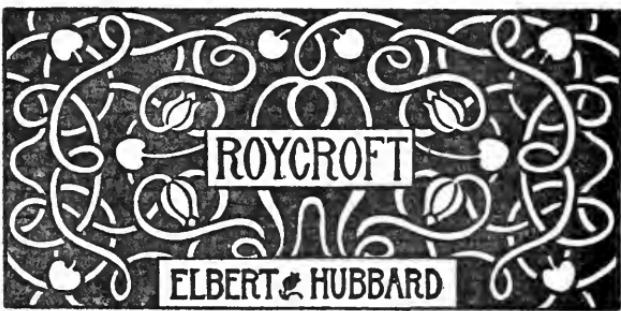
He went like one that hath been stunned,

And is of sense forlorn:

A sadder and a wiser man,

He rose the Morrow morn.





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